

TERMS,--\$2.00

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...essly, the maid relented and interceded to prevent the prisoner's removal to the station, and he was released on promise to attempt no more bed room adventures.—*Chicago Times*.

Little Eddie—The Drummer.
 A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Benton Barracks, St. Louis, is a very touching story of a drummer boy who was killed in the war.

son to join Gen. Lyon, on his march to Fort Cronk, the drummer of our company was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day of our march he was taken to the hospital in the lines of our camp and brought here our Captain, who asked him "what illness he had within the lines?" He replied, "I know a drummer that would like to go to your company, and I have come to ask you to make the necessary arrangements to inform the drummer that he would be accepted for our short term of service, he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this he must proceed on the ground early in the morning." Negro was then passed beyond the guard, and following the drummer immediately reached the Captain's quarters, during the beating of the retreat, a good looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly looking girl, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age, her story was soon told. Her husband, a man of about thirty years of age, from East Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and all their property destroyed. She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, but not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought she could procure a situation for her boy, and for the short time she was in the service, she could find employment for herself, and perhaps find her sister by the way. We were discharged.

During the rehearsal of her story the little girl kept his eyes intently fixed upon the

"I'll be a boy, when he spoke out, saying, 'I'm not afraid, Captain. I can drum.'"
The Captain immediately observed with surprise, "Well, well, Sergeant, bring the drum, and order our flier to come forward." A few minutes the drum was produced, and our flier made his appearance, a tall, well-developed, good natured fellow from Dubuque mines, who stood, when erect, over six feet in height.
The Captain then introduced to us a new comrade, who stooped downward, with his hands resting on his knees that were thrown forward to a acute angle, and peering into the little crevice of his face a moment, he observed, "My name is Sam, can you drum?" "Yes, sir," he answered, "I drummed for Captain Hill, in Ten-

te." Our sister immediately commenced brightening himself upward, until all the es in his person had disappeared, when placed his fist to his mouth and played the powers of Edenborough," one of the most cult tunes to follow with the drum that d have been selected, but nobly did the e fellow follow him, showing him to be a ster of the drum. When the music ceas-

your Captain turned to the mother and obeyed, "Madame I will take your boy. What is his name?" "Edward Lee," she replied; then placing her hand upon the Captain's arm, she continued, "Captain if he is killed—" here her maternal feelings overcame her utterance, and she bent down over the boy and kissed him upon the forehead. "He arose she observed, "Captain, you will

him back with you, won't you?" "Yes," he replied, "we will be certain to bring you back with us. We shall be discharged in six weeks."

of the boys had returned from a horticultural excursion, Eddie's share of the peaches and melons was the first apportioned out. During our heavy and fatiguing march from New York to Springfield, it was often amusing to see our long legged flier wading through the mud with our little drummer mounted upon his back—and always in that position when the music began.

The night after the fight at Wilson's
park, where Lyon fell, I was detailed for
that duty. The hours passed slowly away,
and at length the morning light began to
break along the eastern sky, making sur-
rounding objects more plainly visible. Presa-
ntly I heard a drum beat up the morning
As, first I thought it came from the

At first I thought it came from the top of the enemy across the creek; but as I listened I found that it came from the deep me; for a few minutes it was silent, and as it became more light I heard it again. It ceased—the sound of the drum was familiar to me—and I knew that it was our drummer boy from Tennessee, beating for help the reveille.

was about to desert my post to go to his
tance, when I discovered the officer of
guard approaching with two men. Wa
listened to the sound, and were satisfied
it was Eldie's drum. I asked permis
to go to his assistance. The officer hesi
d, saying that the orders were to march
fifty minutes. I promised to be back
at time, when he consented. I immedi

started down the hill through the thick growth, and, upon reaching the valley, lowered the sound of the drum, and soon found him seated upon the ground, his back leaning against the trunk of a fallen tree. His drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered this, he dropped his drums and exclaimed: "Oh, corporal, I am so

to see you! Give me a drink!" reaching his hand for my canteen, which was empty. I immediately turned to bring him some water from the brook that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by, where I was about to leave him, he commenced crying, saying, "Don't leave me; I'm all alone; I can't walk."

By his dress I recognized him as being to the enemy. It appeared that he

been shot through the bowels, and fell near where Eddy lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he crawled to him took off his skin suspenders, and corded the little boy's legs below the knee, and then lay down and died. While he was telling me these particulars I heard the tramp of cavalry riding down the ravine, and in a moment a

ing down the line, and in a moment
of the enemy was upon us, and I was
a prisoner. I requested the officer to
Eddy up in front of him, and he did so.
ing him with great tenderness and
When we reached the camp of the
my little fellow was dead. It is now
two weeks since I made my escape
McOuloch's grasp.

